

THE
Hypocritical Christian:
OR THE
CONVENTICLING CITIZEN
Displayed.

Shewing the Refractory temper of the *Whiggish* Party
of the Town, in Opposition to the Establish'd Reli-
gion, and their Dis-affection to Monarchy.

WELL ! for a careful foresight, sober wit,
Give me a *Godly*, zealous, *Whiggish* Cit.
He twice a *Week* to *Conventicle* walks,
Where Bawling, Canting *Preacher* Nonsense talks.
He squeamish *Fool* for *Orthodox* Divine
Ne're cares ; because he cannot Sob, and Whine.
He likes a *Tubster* with his down cast Face,
His Comic Postures, and his damn'd Grimace.
But hates the Rev'd *Clergy* of the Town,
Disdains with pride a *Pulpiteer* in Gown.
And every *Parson* Dr. *Crape* he'll call ;
Like *Lad* of late at Merchant-Tailors Hall.
Whose sneaking looks his *Principles* betray'd.
It was a sly, starv'd Whig in Masquerade,
A stingy perjur'd, faithless Renegade.
The *Godly Puppet* came (he said) to see,
And know the humour of the Company.
But the Glut'nous *Ass* he was so nesty,
Hew'd down the Walls of the *Ven'son* Pasty.
To come to's rost ; Alas ! the *Tarts* and *Pyes*,
To's Ostrich-stomack sell a Sacrifice.
His Appetite was keen for all's pretences,
He pleas'd his Eye, and Banqu'tted his Senses.
Then all the generous Guests traduces,
With sturring, dirty, pit'ful abuses.
Because they drank a Loyal Health or two,
He calls them *Popish*, *Torish* drunken Crew.
A parcel of mean sordid *Lads* there were,
who he was certain nere eat *Buck* before.
For such abuses let the *Lad* beware,
And so let pimping, Whiggish *Harry* tare.

Who's

Who's Tugging daily to Promote the *Cause*,
 To T'wart all Justice, and make Null the *Laws*.
 One *Ignoramus*-man, (says he) at least,
 Is able purchase all that were at Feast.
 All their Estates in equal Ballance lai'd,
 By one *Whig-Jury-man's* would be out-weigh'd.
 Faith! *Harry's* very generous ; he prates
 As tho he really knew all mens Estates.
 Poor Mr. *Christian's* dead, and th' Dukes Grace,
 May give to *Harry* his old Stewards Place.
 For he's a Godly, Honest Man, and true,
 And do's deserve his Place, and Pill'ry too.
 His too hot Zeal for Reformation,
 In broaching Falshoods, t'embroil the Nation ;
 His Venting this, and contradicting that,
 Shew him more Fool, or Knave, than pillar'd *Nat* :
 The greatest Truths that published can be,
 By *Hodge* ; are Story's and damn'd Ribaldry, }
 If it with his and *Gotham's* disagree,
 The Dukes young Daughter could not live, 'twas said
 'Twas so infirm a Child ; and since 'tis dead.
 The Serenading Crew, for all their squeaking,
 Were Thieves, and did intend House-breaking.
 Contriv'd with's Grace, a black and dismall War,
 To batter him with Fiddles and Gitter,
 The Instrument of Death, a small *Rechorder*,
 And Fiddle Stick, and Pipe to do th' Murder.
 The *Chichester* Informer took a Pot,
 Too much of Brandy ; and his Brains were hot, }
 Broke Windows, was a swearing drunken Sor. }
 H'had wild Freaks, ungovernable Passions,
 And dy'd (like Bishop's Horse) of the Fashions.

The Prelatic Jade will sure be Sainted,
 Yes : If *Baxters* book of Saint's reprinted.
 Then *Curtiss*, *Care*, with mighty *Polander*,
 Shall have their Names in Whiggish Calender.
 And all who carry on the work o'th' Laird
 Shall have a good and bountiful Reward.

In this large Catalogue of Fools and Knaves,
 Come Leaden Constables with Wooden Staves.
 With Solemn Oaths they gravely can dispence,
 They have a swinging well stretcht Conscience.
 Who take up the Office out of mighty Zeal,
 To support their Brethren o'th' *Common-Weal*.
 They to th' Brother-hood send holy Greetings,
 Acquaint them how they'l come molest th' *Meetings*.
 Then hey ! the Godly Flock's dispers'd and gone,
 And all (like young Fledg'd Birds) are quickly Flown.
 The Preacher then with's Congregation,
 Give thanks for this great Preservation ;

And

And Orders that th' Thanks of the *House* be sent,
To Godly *Constable* for's good intent.

O! what will not Men do, if this they dare,
To Affront Justice? And themselves Forswear
To Oblige a few, and such Faction please,
Who in this Government were ne're at ease.
Thus *Officer* (though gravely Sworn) Cologues,
Cali's *Hilton Fool*, and all th' *Informers Rogues*.
Though he hath *Warrants* with him, that's all one,
In spite of *Laws*, he Executeth none.

'Tis strange, such *Meetings* cannot silenc'd be,
Where *Preachers* bawls so much for *Liberty*,
And boldly talks of *Subjects Property*.

Oh! Horrid Insolence! can Justice sleep?
Not see such Vermin into Corners creep?
Seduce poor *Women*, and on *Cit* impose,
Draw him through *Bogs of Error* by the Nose.
Tell him of Plots, and great *Designs*, forsooth,
All which the Cred'lous *Cit* sucks in for Truth.
That sev'ral *Jesuits* were up and down,
Inclose *Cabals*, for to enslave the Town.

It was, not long ago at *Lor'ners-Hall*,
That Youngster did for *Magna Charta Bawl*.
And (like *Hugh Peters*) with new strange Alarms,
Bid'm beware, stand stiffly to their Arms.
To quit themselves like Men; be Strong and Stout,
Secure their Persons, and the *Tories Rout*.
What? lose the Priv'ledge of Chusing *Sherives*,
Why *North* and *Rich* will prove two deadly Thieves.
They'l rob you of your *Jury's* here at home,
And make you fall sad Victims unto *Rome*.

Then still oppose the Polls of Sir *John More*,
He hugs that Witch, the *Babylonic Whore*,
Will ne're your Native *Liberty's* restore.
Be ready too, your *Charter* to secure,
Who those damn'd *Quo-Warranto's* can't endure?
You see that *Oxford* stoutly doth Defie,
Such *Writs*; and will protect their *Liberty*.

Ne're trust their *Charter* in the Hands of *King's*,
Who'd bauk their *Priv'ledge*, and clip their *Wings*.
Then stand it out Boyes; and still be Famous,
(Like *Oxford Towns-Men*) for *Ignoramus*.
But I'm inform'd of late that Whiggish Town
Is Alter'd strangely; and is Loyal grown,
An Impudent Resistance do's disown.

The *Charter* they'l Resign for all the bawling,
Of Foolish *Wright*, and self-conceited *Pawling*.
To oppose the *Loyalists* the *Whigs* don't dare,
The Youngsters laugh at dull *Machine* the *Mayor*.

Thus

Thus Honesty, I hope, in vogue may be,
 And *Cit* may find his long lost *Loyalty*,
 And baul no more for Bugbear *Property*
 May names of Parties and Distinctions cease,
 May *Faction* fall, and *Loyalty* increase,
 To Stablish here an Universal Peace.
 May *Cit* to *Church* devoutly go and Pray,
 And ne're dispise a Godly-Homily.
 Ne're Meet in Un-blessed *Barns* and *Sty's*,
 And blindly Offer their Fools Sacrifice.
 Leave *Cit*, those *Synagogues*, and do Conform,
 Into the *Churches* Breast at last Return.
 Cast off (for Shame) the Factious Crew; you know
 How they Prophanely impudent do grow.
 An Am'rous Brother so kind and tender,
 Did there with Sister Publickly Engender.
 The *Preacher* saw the Godly *Aff* of Grace,
 Saw the *Lewd Couple* Zealously Embrace.
 He nodded, Frown'd, and gravely did Reprove,
 Their wicked Satyr's way, of Brutal Love.
 Hence forth he'll have a Smart Rod in Pickle,
 For *Debaucher's* of's dear Conventicle.
 From such Vile *Cells* as from Contagion flee,
 Such Deeds were never seen in *Monast'ry*.
 Believ't (to th' Eternal shame of *Meetings*)
 In our *Churches* an't such Carnal Greetings.
 Then pri'thee Disaffected *Cit* Comply,
 With Law; and thou'lt enjoy thy *Liberty*.
 Securely live beneath thy *Vine* at ease,
 Thy Credit and thy Fortune will encrease.
 Be Loyal, and Defend the Kings Just Right,
 Ne're read a Factious Pamphlet with delight.
 Ne're feed on *Horse* flesh; read Discourses,
 Twixt *Charing-Cross* and your *Wool-Church-Horses*.
 Ne're have a Vitious thought 'gainst Majesty,
 But let all Treason Talkers silent'd be,
 Those *Vermin* that do girn at *Monarchy*.
 Oppose their barking; and let the *World* know,
 You can be honest, if you would be so.
 The *Comet* that appear'd did sure portend,
 That all your *Factions* here will have an end,
 And Zealous Conventiclors will amend.

